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*love is
a warm pair
of blue jeans*

DRECK

MEGAZINE

QUARTERLY

*volume three
summer 2006
free like love*

and today we learn about

glamarchy!

Images are all around us. We live in a culture of images. Is this a good thing or a bad thing? Well, like many aspects of reality, it's a little more complex than that. That's why, for the third issue of **DRECK**, we're getting a bit more political, and exploring the concept of **glamarchy**

It should be obvious that glamarchy is a combination of the words *glamour* and *anarchy*. The following paragraph was taken from *Wikipedia*:

The word *anarchy*, as most anarchists use it, does not imply chaos, nihilism, or anomie, but rather a harmonious anti-authoritarian society that is based on individual self-determination and personal involvement. In place of what are regarded as authoritarian political structures and coercive economic institutions, anarchists advocate social relations based upon voluntary association of free individuals in autonomous communities, mutual aid, and self-governance.



The word *glamour* is Scottish in origin, and referred specifically to witchcraft, the casting of a spell to make you appear to be other than what you actually are. The modern definition is similar, only it is makeup and clothing and other things more material that create the illusion.

My idea of *glamarchy* is using style, sex and silly slogans to promote resistant attitudes, and environmentally-sound products, among those who are usually bombarded with subliminal persuasion through advertisement and peer pressure. Recently I came up with the mantra "GLAMARCHY NOW!" to sum up exactly what I was trying to do years ago:

USE THE TOOLS OF THE IMAGE CULTURE AGAINST THE IMAGE CULTURE.
-Damien Snakebones and Pinky Atomic

feel free to email comments, inquiries, etc. to
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contributors

ranked in order of importance



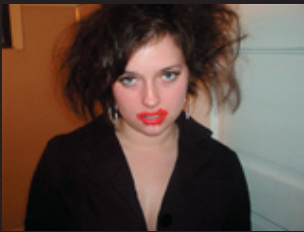
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Duck Dong



Vinyl Snow



Kaos



Roberta Smith

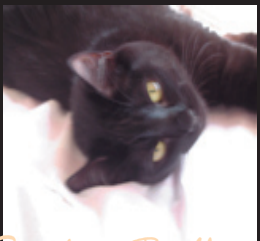


photo
by
Paul
Sochacki

Rosana Diary loves her faux-fur jacket, Diana Rosary loves her gin martinis, and they both love Nina Hagen!



FAGGOTY ANN



Smokey Bedford



Suspicio Theory



Penny Dreadful



The Church Fairies



Witchy McWitcherson



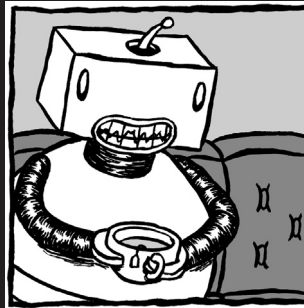
Pinky Atomic!



Blue Plastic Cowboy



Em. YoChem



B.T.



Lizzie Borden

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After all is said and done

After all is said
And after all is done
what matters almost
most
is to curl up with that one
that one whose body fits
perfectly
in yours
and around yours

after all is said
and after all is done
what matters almost
most
is to feel like you matter
most

after all is said
and after all is done
what matters
most
is to get up in the morning
well rested
eager and hungry for life
and in love with yourself
and that one
who fits perfectly

and then it all makes sense
after all is said
and after all is
done



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Editor's Note: Charlie Vazquez, a.k.a. *Spittles the Clown*, is in New York for the time being, and sent the following bulletin on his progress. Because it wasn't just a two-night stand.

MITTAGEISEN (2)

Mittageisen will be my semi-weekly broadcast, sometimes less or more. For those of you that would like to know what it means, here's a clue: it's the name of a song by my favorite band in the world. It's a German word.

Mittageisen (1) dealt with lovely impressions of the metropolis, now that I live here again. It covered tacky-ass Madison Avenue and the rest of that silly materialistic lot. The funny thing is, is that the youth here think they are exempt from such greedy perversions as overpriced fineries. It's offensive when it belongs to "older" people, but the truth is, is that greedier generations are on the horizon.

I've heard people in my age group (including myself) gripe about the blatant greed of people once known as "hippies" - whatever the fuck that's supposed to mean. (Roll your eyes now, please.) I'll take Camille Paglia's view on this matter - since I was born in 1971, worship her insane perspectives and think she's one of America's most important living intellectuals. Basically, the true heroes of the 1960s (the renegades) died off before the movement became identifiable by those outside of it and after it had gained enough momentum for the more cowardly to embrace it in safer numbers.

In other words, the true pioneers of 1960s radicalism were killed, they overdosed, they kamikaze-d, they simply did not live long enough to tell their story. Paglia has gone on to say that all the B-listers (like laboratory nerds and campus prudes) came out to claim a movement that the brave (and perished) shaped with scarred hands.

Dead Head equals millionaire, CEO: some lame, upper white middle-class infection festering on the roots of a vital subculture: the enemy thinking himself the rebel. Subculture to popular culture is always a painful transition-talk about the birth of a monster. And that is what's been happening in Manhattan.

My generation of industrial punks, post-punks and hip-hop heads are going to be even greedier than the previous generation for an important reason: The middle-class in New York City - as well as other places - has been either displaced to the suburbs (to other states) or eaten up by the upper- and lower-classes. CHOMP. You do not see them and if you do, they are in Times Square on a day trip with the kids. They no longer live in the Village, Uptown or Brooklyn Heights.

DONNIE DARKO GETS PUNKED!

Damien Snakebones reviews "Brokeback Mountain" and finds it sorely lacking

It seems to me that nearly everyone who went to see "Brokeback Mountain" did so out of curiosity. That was part of my motive, but my real reason was because I wanted to see Donnie Darko in some hot man-on-man action. In the first half hour of the film, Ang Lee gave me what I wanted. But like the rest of the movie, it was disappointing. People are calling this a "gay love story," mostly gay men. Do gay men really hate themselves THAT much? Or I should rather say, the elite media representation that calls itself the gay community, lest I be accused of internalized homophobia.

Exactly where is the love in this movie? The first "love scene" bordered on rape. Donnie Darko, in a typical "it is cold out there, come sleep with me before you freeze" maneuver, turns into the very predictable situation of "wandering hands." There is an obvious struggle, and then a very unrealistic sodomy scene. Apparently Louis Lamour (who wrote the screenplay) thought that's how men do it. Anyone who thinks I'm being "politically correct" (as if they even know what that means) has never been in that situation. It happens a lot and it is rarely the beginning of a romantic passionate affair.

From then on, both "Ennis" (kind of like ANUS huh huh...huh) and "Jack" (Meoff? huh huh...duh) completely neglect the work they were hired to do so that they can fuck around and, well, fuck.

But that is a true sign of love, especially since all gay men want to do is have sex sex and more sex, right? And these guys aren't even gay. At best, they are bi-sexual, cheating husbands. They are downright liars. They lie to their wives and the rest of their families, they lie to each other. Love is all about cheating on the person you married with religious vows such as "til death do us part" and legally binding contracts. Love is about beating your wife when

"People who see Brokeback Mountain as a love story are sick."

the partner you are supposed to love because it looks bad to the children you are lying to. Love is about choosing another partner over the one you supposedly love because it is socially acceptable. (After Ennis gets divorced, he shacks up with the local floozy who doesn't seem much older than his teenage daughter.) Love is doing all this while the one you supposedly love is getting his dick from Mexican studwhores across the border. Love is telling the one you reject and refuse that you will kill him if you find out he has been getting dick from Mexicans. Then punching him in the nose for the sake of crying on the same bloody shirt when he is dead.

Fuck cowboys. In a totally bad way, of course. There has never been anything good about a cowboy, and there never will be. They have always been the American equivalent of Nazis, and still are. Rodeos are like modern-day Roman arenas, only with animals instead of prisoners of war, and instead of killing them most of them are spared to humiliate and torture later.

People who see "Brokeback Mountain" as a love story are sick. Not that I hate them. That would be like hating cancer patients or even someone with the flu. I usually hope that these sick people get better, unless they are Nazis or cowboys, of course. "Brokeback Mountain" is like fortified wine for an old homeless person dying of liver disease.

I also wonder how many closeted bi-sexual men go back in the closet because they discover that having a stiff prick abruptly shoved into their ass without lube is not pleasurable the first time you have sex. Or maybe Jack was going down to Mexico LONG before he made it to Brokeback Mountain. So friends and acquaintances have asked: what is your idea of a queer love story? The first thing I could think of was "Donnie Darko" with Joseph Gordon-Levitt in place of Jena Malone. Even a little quantum sex with Frank the Rabbit (James Duvall takes his mask off in the theatre, then Donnie goes down on him). Yeah. Or Jet Li in Ziyi Zhang's role in "House of Flying Daggers." How's that for gays in the fucking military?

loudly that I could never be sexually active because I didn't have a vagina. When I told her all the trouble I had been having trying to have sex, how excruciating it was, how my boyfriend could not get more than a few inches inside me, how I hadn't talked to anybody about this because it was so embarrassingly inappropriate, she asked me to undress and get up on the examination table.

One of the great things about having insurance that allows you to go to froufy medical establishments is that when you become hysterical, they have a large enough staff that they can afford to have a nurse come into the room whose explicit purpose is simply to hold your hand. While I writhed around in discomfort as the doctor put a lamp between my legs and used her hands to inspect me, a nice woman named Mary stroked my arms and tried to carry on a normal conversation with me. We were talking about when I was going to my braces off (yes, braces turned out to be the most minimal obstacle in my quest to get laid) when Dr. Vaughan darted her head up above my knees and said, "I have great news, Kate! It looks like your hymen is almost *completely* closed over!"

Because allopathic medicine is so patriarchal that it has not even attempted to create diagrams of the hymen, Dr. Vaughan had to sketch me pictures with a paper and pencil stating "This is what a hymen *should* look like" and "This is what *your* hymen looks like." The opening of my hymen was so small that no penis could have possibly torn it, no matter how thrilling a man may have believed his penis to be or how diligently he may have tried. Dr. Vaughan made an appointment to remove my hymen herself two weeks later. She used a scalpel; I was passed out on the operating table and she cut my hymen away with what I imagine was incredible precision.

Dr. Vaughan popped my cherry. According to dominant sexual discourses, I lost my virginity to a lesbian gynecologist who, at the time, was pregnant with her fourth child via artificial insemination.



photo of paul soriano by marty davis

DRECK would like to take a moment to shine its penetrating (oh yes! penetrating!) spotlight on a great, provocative, and inspiring local artist by the name of **PAUL SORIANO**

Paul Soriano's work first came to my attention at the reception for the QuArt and PAGLA City Hall show. (That show will remain up in Sam Adam's office through the end of June, by the way, for any who haven't made it there yet.) Apart from the work itself, it was the artist's statement he'd posted alongside his paintings that grabbed me. In it, Mister Soriano asserted that queers (or GLBTQ people, if you like...but that's close to my six-letter limit for abbreviations) should not merely strive for equal rights because "We aren't equal, we're better. We are an evolution of the species." I thought it was great to see someone taking such a bold stance at City Hall, because I'd felt compelled to keep my own work on the family-friendly side considering the venue. Then, as has been documented recently in the pages of *Just Out* (the ones that aren't filled with advertising), in a disheartening downsizing of events, the QuArt and PAGLA show

that was originally planned to encompass all the offices of City Hall, then reduced to two, ended up being squeezed into just one office: that of Openly Gay City Commissioner Sam Adams. This "miscommunication" was revealed the day the show was hung. In a recent issue of *Just Out*, Paul Soriano wrote an excellent letter to the editor. In it, while thanking QuArt, PAGLA, and the rest for the show and the work that went into it, he stated: "I am disgusted that I am so ready to be understanding when I should be very pissed off and so should you." He went on to say: "The truth is, this show is emblematic of the marginalization that is the accepted norm in our country. We are a community fighting for our space at the table and we are asked to do with less at every step. Equally telling was my knee-jerk passive response. I was told I should feel proud. Except I don't feel proud, I feel robbed. It was not historic because although plenty of queer people showed up to the table, so much of the political community did not."

It is my belief that we need more people like Paul Soriano, not less.

Tony "Sex is for Humans" le Tigre

The reality of class polarization is disturbing, since places like New York City set a sort of standard in multilateral trends that spread out to the rest of the country like tentacles. If you don't believe this, quickly recall the "rippling-out" effects on the national and global economies after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. Hollywood was able to operate for a few days after the attacks and then completely shut down. Think of the pervasiveness of hip-hop culture at your nearest mall; rap's humble beginning as a "house party sound" in the South Bronx has reached every corner of the globe by now. Think of past movements like punk and big band and salsa music - both catapulted to cosmic status from New York City - even though their more rustic roots can be traced to Detroit, New Orleans, Puerto Rico and other places.

It would be silly to overemphasize New York's cultural impact, it would be redundant. That's why I'm so disturbed by what I'm seeing. People get hungry for a piece of the pie; that comes with age. I, from a more Bohemian school of ascetic and artistic emphasis, find it nauseating. There can be a balance. People forget the influence of people like Ghandi, Martin Luther king Jr., the Dalai Lama, etc, as they get older, as the cold begins to hurt them - essentially, as they can no longer ward off the hungry teeth of Mother Nature and need isolation from Her.

Manhattan used to be two worlds. One side was the financial capital of the western Mind. And as much as artists hated it, they needed it: It was/is (at least) something disgusting to rebel against. New York as a financial monolith was a necessary boon to the art movements that swelled at its feet, in protest of the stink there. It was a yin-yang relationship.

The other world was the reaction: a world fuming with avant-garde and savage art movements. I hate to propose that it all stopped visually with Andy warhol and sonically with hip-hop, after punk. warhol's mockery of capitalistic multiplicity and celebrity set the skeptical stage for what we're living through. Marilyn, Britney Spears-what is really the difference? The punk scene in Manhattan is GONE. I have seen (and I walk quite a bit) less than ten punks since I've been here. That's counting two pencil-necked Goths by Tower Records on Broadway and a handful of what are known as "crusties" - kids that would've been lumped into the "Boxcar Bobby" category rather than the punk category when I was growing up. They're transient and you have seen them - there are probably thousands in Portland alone.

Manhattan has gone yang. Or is it yin?

On the more helium side of things: I walked the city yesterday in search of work. I have had excellent leads so far and it was nice to explore areas like the Lower East Side - places once junkie havens, now trendy districts. One can feel the ghosts of Sid and Nancy in the air around the Lower East Side, the Holy Land of the Heroin Addict. I didn't see any heroin addicts (I can single them out in a stadium filled with people) but I found a bathroom in a wonderful internet café that they would surely appreciate: it had a street entrance separate from

the main café entrance and the door was not locked! Finally! Pass me the lighter please, please and hurry up!

I found my wet dream in the form of a store dedicated to olden leather wares. Nothing gets me going faster than a crusty world war 2-era leather bomber jacket. My closest friends can tell you that. I stood and drooled over the jackets, faded leather vests and the comedic piles of biker caps. The store is on Orchard Street and I know there are a few of you that would love it as much as I do. I wish I had like five hundred bucks to “reinvent” myself, considering my present pair of leather pants and black leather vest are in San Diego - in limbo - and my other “accessories” are on hold in Portland with my clown props. The New York Fetish store on Christopher Street has also been a site of temptation - I saw an old (and I stress OLD) pair of leather wrist cuffs with chains attached to them. The clown salivated.

Italian sausage does wonders for pit stink. I can’t stop eating the stuff, but I haven’t found the right group of guys that appreciate the olfactory aspects of this reward. I know where they are, it just hasn’t been the right night to go.

I got sucked into Chinatown and was spit out in the form of a fish head. What kind of fish, I have no idea.

I saw a beautiful 9/11 memorial poster on one of the small firehouses that lost untold numbers of heroes. The poster was done in a three- or four-color lithographic-like process. It featured an Italianate angel and words of memorial - in orange, pink, lilac - a rather catchy image. In it I saw the living legacy of Rome and all of her dreamy symbolism. Most of the names on the memorial were Italian and the image had a very “pop-art-meets-Raphael” feel to it.

My resume only makes sense in SOHO. It would read like a foreign language in midtown; in the financial district, it would read like a comedy skit. My work history is so erratic, creative, improvised and charmed that only in a place like SOHO would people’s eyes “light up.” The fact that I speak three languages helps; my photographing of artworks (in California and Mexico) by Andy Warhol, Rembrandt, Pierre Bonnard and Edward Hopper has impact in SOHO; my thirteen-year history as a point-of-sale manager, fine jewelry photographer and shipping/receiving “engineer” (haha) makes complete sense there. But only there.

SOHO is a district of “concept” stores. There are stores dedicated to natural objects like fossils and insects (Evolution); stores planted there by outside institutions like the Museum of Modern Art (I applied of course!) and a myriad of businesses catering to the specific decorating and design quirks of the moneyed and trendy. All in all, it looks like the area I will work best in - now if someone would just call already! It’s been only a week and I’m terribly impatient. How are all of you?

xoxo
spittles

THE IRON HYMEN

by Kate Merrill, with additional reporting by Roberta Smith

(The following is an excerpt from a final project I did with a friend for my Feminist Theory class, which we titled *The Uterine Manifesto*. It is about our bodily experiences with endometriosis (if you don’t know what this is, look it up, please!) and how it has affected our lives and our relationships—whether they be sexual, platonic, medical, or otherwise. This section is from the chapter regarding our histories prior to being diagnosed, and follows the stories of how I got my period when I was ten, how I was hospitalized when I was eleven for *middleschmertz*, and how I was put on birth control when I was twelve.)

Again, I am going to ask you to imagine yourself in my position, but this time instead of having hemorrhaging ovaries you are merely a teenage girl trying to figure out how to insert a tampon for the first time. I think this process is somewhat traumatic for everyone, so, given the proper gender attribution, you might be able to picture this quite easily: you are in your bathroom at home, you have a box of Tampax, a handheld mirror, maybe a magazine with helpful instructions, and you have one foot precariously perched on the edge of the bathtub. You are using the mirror you examine yourself, you are perhaps mildly disgusted with the appearance of your vagina, and are using your other unsteady hand to try to shove a piece of cotton into what looks like it could be an orifice. You have a hard time doing this, so you return to the diagram on the back of the tampon box and try again. If you are most other girls, you probably do this incorrectly the first couple of times but eventually get the hang of it; if you are me, you absolutely cannot find a way to get a tampon into yourself and you begin to fear that you don’t have a fully formed vagina. You are also already a huge gender studies nerd who is aware of intersexuality and you begin to wonder if you cannot insert a tampon because of your inverted testicles. You cry to your mother about this a few times, but she tells you that tampons give you Toxic Shock Syndrome anyway and pads are fine regardless of what your friends say. You will not date anyone for most of high school because you are afraid of someone unearthing what is surely your darkest secret, but towards the end of your junior year when you are seventeen you fall in love with a boy and eventually decide, in an uncharacteristic rush of romanticism, that it would be a tragedy not to lose your virginity to him. And so you try, really, really, hard to lose it: in the backseat of two different cars, in your bed, in his bed, on your parents’ couch, but your worst fear seems confirmed.

Around this same time, I was supposed to have my first pap smear because I had been on birth control for so long. When the nurse practitioner couldn’t get the speculum inside me and I cried out in pain, she said, “What’s wrong with you? Did somebody rape you?” When I told her no, she replied, “Well, you’re not supposed to react like that.” I told her that nothing like that had ever happened to me, and she said “Are you sure? Haven’t you ever had a boyfriend pressure you into doing something you didn’t want to do?” Again I said no, and then she told me that I had emotional problems, that I could have repressed memories, that my current boyfriend was probably victimizing me in some way, and that I needed to see a therapist. Of course this made me cry even more, and the sight of more tears only confirmed for her that I was mentally unstable. When I told her that I couldn’t wear tampons, that I was afraid I was a hermaphrodite, she responded that I was too tense, that I just needed to relax and “resolve my issues.” I tried so eagerly to explain my situation to her, but it is really hard to argue with someone when you are naked and the other person is fully clothed. She wrote down the name of a local therapist for me, and left me alone in the room with the final command to “stop crying; there’s nothing *really* wrong with you.”

When I had composed myself enough to go out to the front desk, I yelled at the receptionist and refused to pay my bill. I believe my exact words were: “That woman is a heinous bitch and I am going to sue you.” In response she gave me a referral to go see a gynecologist at an upscale women’s health center by my house, where I went for an appointment one week later. I began to cry again in the waiting room, and by the time I went in to see the doctor I was unpleasantly inconsolable, with snot running all over my upper lip because I had used up the entire box of tissues and couldn’t find another. When I told Dr. Vaughan what I was worried about, she tried to comfort me by saying, “It’s alright, you don’t really need to have an exam until you are sexually active,” which led to my yelling rather

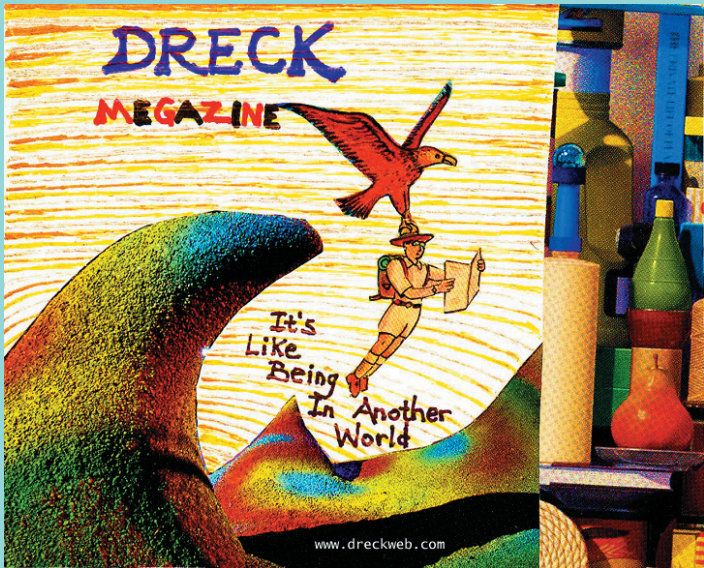
someone. When jealousy arises, as it inevitably will, Ani says the only solution is communication. “Non-monogamy can only be successful if all the people involved are really secure in who they are and don’t need to be validated by the other person,” she said. “That sort of limits how many people you would explore something sexual with.” In this sort of arrangement, where a primary partnership has been established, it is usually the feelings of the third party that are most in jeopardy.

Though non-monogamy affords both partners the choice to engage intimately with others, it’s a different kind of opportunity than that afforded to the single individual. “You’re not looking for that validation. That need for comfort and love and acceptance is already there in your committed relationship,” Ani said. In my own experience, I find it easier to stay out of trouble, the kind I’m more likely to get into when I’m single and a little more of an opportunist.

The non-monogamous relationship, like its monogamous counterpart, depends on rules everyone can live with. Because non-monogamy goes against the grain, the rules have to be well-defined and carefully considered. They can also be subject to change as the relationship evolves. This may mean restrictions on with who or when it is OK to engage in sex or intimacy outside the primary partnership. Or it might mean deciding when to propose polyamory, or a commitment to more than one person at once. Non-monogamous commitment gives new meaning to the phrase, making it up as we go along. In this way, it is truly revolutionary.

And, as with any revolutionary idea, it faces a lot of stigma in the mainstream culture. Ani breaks down most peoples’ criticisms of her commitment to Theresa this way: “They see love as a finite thing. Love is not finite. What is finite is energy. Relationships take energy to maintain and I need time for me. That’s the natural limiter: how much emotional energy do you have?”

Whether you choose to invite the chaos of a relationship into your life is up to you. The restrictions you put on yourself and your partner within that relationship are for you and your partner(s) to decide. The most important thing is empowering yourself to recognize all of your choices, keeping in mind that everyone’s idea of freedom might not be the same.



MY ALMOST CAREER IN THE GLAMARCHY INDUSTRY

BY EM. YOKEM

If you can imagine for a moment that the elusive, anti-fashion “Glamarchy” could be an industry, then I will describe my brush with fame. My moment of transcendence into the realm of stardom; my niche in the underworld of trashy glamour.

It was early in the new century, and I was a recent graduate of the ever-lucrative Liberal Arts. I wasn’t terribly confident that I would be able to earn my bread and butter using my wits and style, but I was scouting out my options.

All of a sudden, my new career introduced itself to me in the form of a tattered “FOR SALE” sign in the window of a twenty-year-old Buick stretch Limousine. She was a flat, sun-bleached black on the outside, and a luxurious crushed maroon, complete with cigarette singes, on the inside. Her rear bumper sagged on the passenger side, and the stock side mirrors were replaced with the oversized trucker style mirrors. They stuck out like ears, and were undoubtedly a precaution taken after the saggy bumper incident. Her roomy inner sanctum foretold evenings of debauchery and mayhem beyond any presently offered transportation services.

I pictured myself, clad in a dapper chauffeur cap, unfurling a ragged scrap of red carpet at the feet of my idols. The people who were so glamorous that they were universes above the merely fashionable. The monoliths of personal style that threw all of the current, mediocre Do’s and Don’ts into a tailspin of chaos and confusion. All of the celebrities of unvanquished freedom and audacity would arrive at their spangled events in this sumptuous chariot; of this I was sure.

It was only a moment, however. A sweet dream crashing down to the sidewalk and burning away to nothing.

Everyone has bikes, and I hate driving.



Dan Dullman Is Doing O.K.

by Dan Dullman



Everything is just fine, except that I need to eat less sodium and carbs. Maybe I should get a gym membership, then I could look at all the pretty people and also lose a lot of weight. But food tastes just so good and I can't let any of it go to waste.

It's great that so many things are on sale, I get to fill my house with many pretty things that I need. This latest digital TV I have is great, although if I had one with plasma in it I'd be much cooler. Thank goodness I know what to spend my money on, and with all my credit cards I'm able to buy all the things I want!

TV shows are great, except I can't wait until next week's episode to find out who's either going to die, leave the show, or have a dark secret discovered. They also give me lots of things to talk about with my co-workers when I'm on break at work. I wish I had more time to watch TV, and more channels to choose from. Maybe my cable would be better if it were digital.

I really want to buy a new car, and I don't have to make any payments for 8 months! The car I have now is old and it doesn't make me feel good-looking when I drive it around. I think a car with more space and better acceleration would be great, then I could finally get around to building that deck or hauling other gear around. No wonder I get nothing done these days, I just don't have the right tools.

The internet is so great, it's full of many funny things I can then email on to my friends. Websites are good to visit when I'm not watching the TV or sleeping (although sometimes I watch both the TV and the computer at the same time - that's called "multi-tasking"). Sometimes I wonder if all these offers for "enhancing" drugs are good, because I'd think at least one would be genuine out of the thousands.

I'm so glad we're winning the war we're in, it'll sure show the rest of the world what good people we Americans are and how nicely we handle tough situations. Bad people should be put out of their misery, and we're helping the oppressed be truly free, just like we are.

EXPLORING THE REVOLUTIONARY ACT OF SUBVERTING MONOGAMY

by Smokey "My Byline Gets Around" Bedford

In the words of the illustriously observant Margaret Cho, "Monogamy is so weird." Most of us can say, without a doubt, that this is true. After all, the great majority of us are the products of monogamous (or at least apparently monogamous) unions.

Monogamy as we know it grew out of the system of paternal inheritance and private property ownership in wealthy, Western society (a.k.a. capitalism). According to thinker Friedrich Engels and his predecessor, Karl Marx, things were much more communal when the ladies were running the show. It was only when men subjugated women that the practice of monogamy became a tenet of respectable society.

It is impossible to talk about monogamy without some discussion of marriage, since marriage is institutionalized monogamy in its most pervasive form. In his postmodern novel "On Love," Alain de Botton deems marriage, "that most ruthless of legal attempts to force the heart into endless love." People get married for all kinds of reasons, and it's difficult to discern how much of it has to do with cultural expectations and how much of it is about a commitment between two people. Marriage has long been seen as the protector of love and commitment. But, as anarchist Emma Goldman said, "Love needs no protection; it is its own protection." Stripped to its most basic function, marriage is a business agreement between two people or two families.

With the institution of monogamous marriage came its ugly step-sisters: prostitution and adultery. These three have remained inseparable because of one not-so-insignificant detail: monogamy really means monogamy for women. After all, women are the ones having the babies to whom wealth will or will not be bequeathed based on their paternal heritage. Men, on the other hand, have options, though they are still restricted by class divisions.

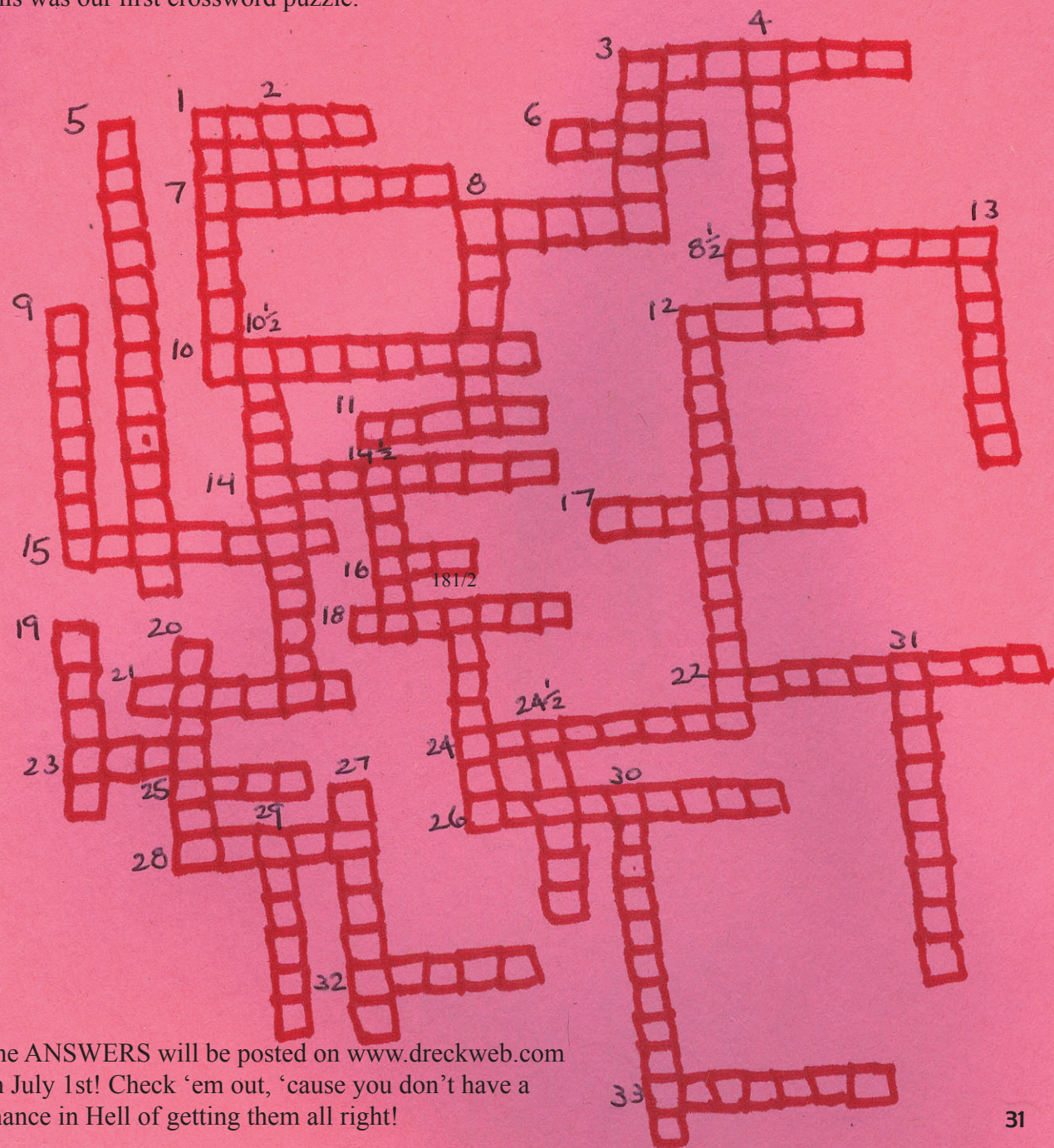
In many ways, marriage is at the foundation of capitalist society. Capitalism depends on lines in the sand that denote possession. And what is marriage if not a line in the sand? It has the added dimension of serving as an excellent form of social control. Marriage isolates and divides people into neat little units. Throughout history, marriage has made slaves of women. As we have begun to reclaim personal and political power, monogamy has trapped both men and women, straight and gay. By agreeing to be monogamous, people become the property of each other. This tends to breed resentment and betrayal and it may be why 40-60% of marriages end up with one partner cheating. (This according to therapist Peggy Vaughan, author of *The Monogamy Myth* and the reigning authority on extramarital affairs.)

Alright, alright, so monogamy isn't all it's cracked up to be, I can hear you saying. You got a better idea? Well, how about a practical example. Portlander Ani Haines has been committed to non-monogamy for most of her adult life. Ani, 39, describes herself as a dyke-identified bisexual, anarchist-socialist who hates labels. She was kind enough to share her experiences for this essay.

Ani says she has always been up-front with potential partners about her commitment to non-monogamy. She says the one time she compromised her principles in a long-term relationship, it was a big mistake. "It kept popping up through our relationship," she said. "It wasn't so much because I wanted to go off and fuck someone else, but emotional intimacy with friends or people we knew was a source of conflict."

Non-monogamy remains a tenet of Ani's relationship with her current partner of 12 years. "I am non-monogamous, but my relationship with Theresa is primary," Ani explained. Ani said she sees this as an important distinction, a reminder that she and Theresa do not belong to one another, keeping alive the vital importance of choosing to be with

Come on, go easy on us.
This was our first crossword puzzle.



The ANSWERS will be posted on www.dreckweb.com
on July 1st! Check 'em out, 'cause you don't have a
chance in Hell of getting them all right!

INSTANT DRAG QUEEN

Just Add Talent!

Want to break into drag performing, but can't come up with a character?
Here are some suggestions to get you started!

by *Tony le Tigre* and *Frances Firecrutch*

TAWDRY HEPBURN

This would be the classy drag queen, you know, satin gloves and an elegant swirl of hair atop her head, demure and bejeweled. Hard to pull off because she's inherently petite, pretty, and poised - in other words, very feminine. The opposite extreme from the trashy, Cockettes-style gender-obliteration drag queens.

CARLA ROSSI

Carla sleeps where she lands and never goes anywhere without her jug of cheap wine. She thinks it's fucked up that you can't buy booze with food stamps.

HONEY BUCKET

Pure, unadulterated trash! A prostitute who works out of a Porta Potty.

ANN HEDONIA

Mama can't feel no more pleasure 'cause she did too much meth in her streetwalkin' days.

PENNY DREADFUL

A face that could turn Medusa to stone.

LYDIA LUNCHBOX

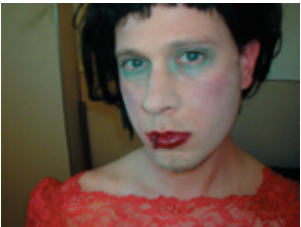
This is me in drag with my Texas Chain Saw Massacre lunchbox.

IDA KICHTER

A feisty, combative wench, known for her flying fists and swift kicks if you so much as look at her wrong. You better believe she's got a razor blade under her tongue at all times.

FAGGOTY ANN

She contributed to this issue of DRECK, and there's a picture of her on page 38.



FUR IS FABULOUS!

LET'S GET SOME OPINIONS

Diana Rosary

Tony Le Tigre was dead-set on having “Glamarchy” as the theme for this issue of Dreck, but for the sake of consensus, he asked people what they thought the theme should be. Although I’m sure I knew it would be “Glamarchy” no matter what, I tossed in an alternative based on what I was obsessing on at the time: furies. Club IT recently had a “Sexual Safari” night, and although very few people dressed up, a couple outfits stirred a few things inside me. Jualdo dressed like someone who was determined to put on a punk “Cats” production and Kaj Anne Pepper came in a unicorn costume.

I’m not really a furry, but since most people have some connection to animals, I thought it wouldn’t be hard to fill up Dreck 3 with animal themes. (A little known fact is that the furry phenomenon is not primarily a sexual thing, and it seems that devoted furies are getting peeved that they are associated with kinkiness. Just Google it up and most furry links look like family picnics in costume.)

As another source of amusement, I came up with the idea of a point/counterpoint like the gin debate of Dreck 2 regarding fur. Partly because I have some friends who were active in the Schumacher fur protests every Saturday in downtown Portland. And partly because there are so many gay men I am acquainted with who seem to think fur is “fabulous.” Or they are just doing it because they are trying to be “offensive” or “defiant,” when actually they are just being tools of a heterosexist multi-corporate entity: one that doesn’t really give a shit about them but knows this particular minority will happily pick on any minority smaller than them. There are a lot more homophobic attackers than there are animal activists. But my point with writing this is not to preach to homos about animal abuses, especially since they don’t give a fuck any way. (Besides, they have to concentrate their energies on getting laid before they get older.)

The point is, fur is just totally stupid any way you slice it.

Do you really think it is beautiful to have dead canines (wait – are foxes and minks canines or felines?) draped around your neck? Fur looks beautiful – when it is on the animals it belongs to – not on an old rich woman bought by a husband so she’ll shut up about the hookers, a tacky queen who lips-synchs Cher BADLY, or a supermodel who you are conditioned to think is beautiful and no matter how you dress or how many dinners you vomit you will never, ever look like.

Some vain, shallow, trendy queens will argue that fur just feels so good – not as good as my cat, or my roommate’s dogs, or the horses my family had when I was six years old, or my friend’s ferret, or even Tony’s pet rat. Personally, I think velvet feels better. There’s really no need for fur.

But we’re not talking about NEED here, are we? No, we’re talking about money. Face it – fur was always about being rich. Or trying to look rich. As if showing off that prestige could make women feel better about themselves, pretending that their marriage was a good one or that they were better than other women. That they were of a far superior class and of a much higher nature.

Then the modern Neanderthal argues: “But men have worn fur since the Dawn of Humanity.” First of all, men rarely wear

fur at all these days, and the ones who do are usually Eskimos or Russians, and I don’t really begrudge Eskimos or Russians wearing fur. That has absolutely NOTHING to do with us, here and now. Flashback to 1990, and Grace Slick is speaking to a San Francisco crowd on Earth Day about animal rights and saving the environment. Several popular drag queens get involved in activism and write about it in local queer newspapers. Immediately, the leather community retaliates. One male Sado-Masochist equates the wearing of leather with a primal shamanistic ritual of male bonding. He bought that leather outfit in the Soma area. He didn’t kill that cow himself, nor did he treat it with chemicals that were not around in those golden tribal days he speaks so fondly of, nor did he dye it a black that makes it so it doesn’t even resemble the skin of a cow any more. He lives near Folsom Street, very far from that ancient village



Hey, what say we take a break from all the political jibbajabba and community-building and unwind with a good old-fashioned **crossword puzzle**? This ain’t your ordinary crossword though, kids! This is something straight out of **Strangers with Candy**! Not for the humor-impaired or the PC-minded. Here are the clues for the puzzle on the next page. We made it during a three-day drinking binge, hence the odd numbering (14 1/2, and so on), which we preserved, for humorous effect.

ACROSS

- 1) Oscar Wilde was one
- 3) All that glitters
- 6) Julian Cope’s 80’s band, The ____ Drop Explodes
- 7) Get thee to a _____
- 8) Your Mom is one
- 8 1/2) Measure 36 protects us from them
- 10) What this issue of DRECK is all about
- 11) Drowned herself in the river Ouse in 1941
- 12) Nibble, but please don’t _____
- 14) Hutch Harris is their lead singer
- 15) Godmother of Anarchy
- 16) the sperm unites with the _____
- 17) better than Buns O’ Steel
- 18) One of the serfs until he screwed everyone’s daughter. Oh, and he wrote *War and Peace*.
- 21) “Cremaster” master
- 22) neck, nipples, lips, thighs, genitals, etc.
- 23) Dirk Diggler was a ____ star
- 24) Blood-drinking S.O.D. (Secretary of Defense)
- 25) Subject of all Georgia O’Keefe’s paintings
- 26) It’s easier to accomplish naked
- 28) Deeee-lish!
- 32) Some of them are hot
- 33) Harness their tremendous strength!

DOWN

- 1) John, I’m only _____
- 2) bride of Christ
- 3) religion is a slippery _____
- 4) Cyclopean mammary
- 5) _____ before you wreckyourself
- 8) Famous for a lot longer than 15 minutes
- 9) It’s like riding a bicycle (but sexier)
- 10 1/2) Rimbaud’s classic poem told from the perspective of a boat lost at sea and gradually disintegrating
- 12) I _____ your Mom last night, because she deserved it
- 13) The opposite of awesome (colloquial)
- 14 1/2) “Night of the Living Dead” maestro
- 18 1/2) Amy and David, one funny pair of siblings
- 19) The most dangerous animal in Africa (and Tony’s favorite)
- 20) dirty, sexy, filthy
- 24 1/2) a short, retarded person
- 27) Jem’s computer Goddess oracle thing in the 80’s cartoon show
- 29) pubic wig
- 30) a church-faring gay person/faggot
- 31) has nothing to do with the N-word

(wo000!). Whatever your preference may be - from soft sugar, to black tar - we got a spot for you, bebe. Pull up a chair and listen in with erotic educator **Bridgett Harrington**, who is the goddess of all that is good and evil on the topic. And as always: Genderblendz discussions are a safe space to respectfully discuss your needs. (Unless you're prone to social paranoia - then it can't be helped.) For more information on who this Bridgett Harrington person is---> hit up: www.BridgettHarrington.com (duh)

Guerilla Masquerade Party:

Yo, wait. I get to announce this? The third GMPpdx sacrificial ceremony of bliss is happening! Now, mark your calendars, because on Saturday, June 24, 2006, we are taking over a TBA PDX nightspot in a subtle, sultry manner. Come dressed as your favorite fairy tale for **"over the River and through the woods!"** This ain't grandma's house, bebe... (Well, unless she was run over by a reindeer...and plunged by an oil drill.) Drop a line to gmpportland@yahoo.com to hook yourself up with the treats; and for ideas to inspire your costume, see www.ivyjoy.com/fables/ And here are a few of my own:
Transsexual kamikazes
Drag queens as priests
Clairvoyant pet cemetery slaves in cocktail dresses
Furries in hot pants
Your favorite politician with a Persian accent and a turban
Experimentalists be forewarned: you might overdose on expression.

(exhale)... and so the green calms the nerves... So what was I saying? Oh, yeah. Fight the fear of hopeless healthcare and the lack of employment with the **Working Families Party**. They are taking on the big guns of politics with sheer passion and common sense. Bite? Families = you, your friends, and all loved ones. Check out www.oregonwfp.org and remember what all that freedom jargon was really about. <Loud clearing of the throat; a puff of a cigarette> Oh, and <exhale> have you ever jumped up on a pool table at your local dive bar screaming at hippies and hipsters that surround you, while waving a smoke burnt down to the filter and claiming defiantly that someone unbeknownst to you has tripped out your drink a quarter to 2am while you've been spinning around on a bar stool laughing maniacally until - suddenly - you felt the poison kick in? Well then. Trip on this, my brothers: Complaints, (hah! A mellow term, my friend!) right here in the Puddle, about the "Red Squad" who have been tracking anti-war protestors (obviously, we've put them all on and been way more ravenously attention-grabbing than the rest). This is only a taste of feedback on the ultimate disruption we've already caused. (Disruptions are best quarantined with silence.) So, now the FBI has been accused of sending out scouts to our fair land of liberalism, whose mission is to configure how we pass laws to re-compute the process into a more controllable equation for their own profit. Doubt me? Then take a sip and ride it out at populistamerica.com and search under "Portland." Ohh...my head hurts, and I scream and bleed against what's shoved through my veins via TV. wanna speak out for yourself? Simple solution: Hit up the art walks and yell a lil'. It's a public protest with the graciousness of the platform of sharing ideas on the common blocks of your own personal stomping grounds. And keep your eyes wide for the new (yes, yet another - but this ground is virgin) **art walk starting up on SE Foster**. Take a swig before it hits the papers. The first run-down takes place Saturday, July 8th from 10-6pm. Be sure to check out the booths set up by the Visual Revolution Art Collective www.thevisualrevolution.org and to hit the party at the **Tango dancing studio** on SE 63rd and Foster featuring fine art and refreshments with jams by the one and only Jimmie Jamma.

Ahem, so I'm out to tape my walls with aluminum foil, triple-bolt my door, and stock up on whiskey and aspirin. My basement's always open. Your co-conspirator,



NOTHING but dead animals. The woman who told me off for being culturally insensitive was white, and most people spouting off about Native American Spirituality are white New Age yuppies. I'm not an activist, and I can't stop you from wearing fur. I can't even make myself feel better by telling you how bad it is. However, when you babble all kinds of nonsense in defense of your lack of compassion, I WILL tell you that are full of shit and I won't shut up until I prove what a big-mouthed idiot you are.

*I have nothing against fist-fucking, and whatever you consent to have up your ass is none of my business.
**I have nothing against any form of drug use whatsoever, regardless of whatever reason you try to convince yourself that you are doing them for, which I don't believe for one second.

Caedy Rang Duck Dong

Caedy Rang Duck Dong ruvs fur. Mmmm yesh. In Caedy Rang's homerand, as a riddle girr, she had a riddle bunny, mmmhmm, and she named it Ngo Dinh Diem after deh grorius Vietnameshe dictator during dat sirry war wit deh fat American PigCows. Anywhere, Ngo Dinh Diem wood shreep wit Caedy Rang, and mmmm, she wood notice how soft deh fur wash agains her skin, and so one night Caedy Rang whir she wash cuddring wit da bunny, Caedy Rang took out hammer an beat Ngo Dinh Diem to def. Der were arready brood stains on her sheets from her woman time, so deh new ones did not much matter, especuary since she had a ruverry new hat for deh winter season.

Blue Plastic Cowboy

I love the idea of wrapping our bodies in the skin of dead animals. There are so many pretty creatures out there we might as well use them for their beauty, like we use everything else. Besides, Fashion is the most important thing, right? Mankind has been using fur for clothing since the beginning of man and animals. The strongest survive and if we have to skin a few inferior animals to stay warm and/or look good then that's a sacrifice I'm willing to make in order to sustain human life. It's worked thus far, why change a good thing that has been around as long as man?

Gillian

Although I think it's wrong to kill animals for their skin when there are alternatives...I secretly LOVE stuffed animals made of real fur. I had a koala and a rabbit when I was younger. They are SO SOFT...and there is no synthetic that feels like that!



Trixie Zipper

Glamarchy, to me, is all about seducing the powerful. This seduction cannot be accomplished through brute force, because if anyone is going to win the game of force it'll be the incumbent power figure. Authority is best overthrown with subtlety. The fur debate is ripe for glamarchy, however all the media attention is given to the very unsubtle mechanism of protest. Of course if it were truly subtle you wouldn't hear about it in the news. Unfortunately when people think about "the fur issue" they only imagine Rockefeller types with mink stoles or crazy activist types with buckets of paint. Neither are very glamarchical. The stereotypical "throw red paint" fur-protester (do they even exist anymore?) is probably doing the worst damage. Pouring paint on a fur wearer will only make them go out and buy more fur; if anything it'll cause the interest and price of fur to rise, thus supporting the industry. This sort of violent fury, while fun at times, really doesn't help any. The whole concept of debating fur is a waste of time. People will do/buy things without thinking of the entire history of the product. When someone buys a winter coat with a fur collar they don't do an immediate mental checklist of the entire fur industry. The common man simply doesn't have the time or mental power to put that much effort behind each decision he makes. To try to change someone's opinion through face-to-face debate or argument is the worst way to practice glamarchy. For me the glamorous ones are never caught being disruptive, and the authority figures they're trying to overthrow will be hardened against any blatant influence. If you're going to make any change in this world you've got to do it with style and grace, not in-your-face shouting or activism.

Lena Rose Felder

If you like fur so much, stop shaving. If you are against fur then eliminate leather and become vegetarian.

Faggoty Ann

Fur is gay.

Ima Dumas

In Africa, hippos kill humans and wear their skin. I guess they think it looks fashionable or something. I can't believe it, I mean, God. Hippos are so mean.

Seth Dresses In Women's Clothing

Since I already live off of the blood of the oppressed masses, fur is not an issue.

Anonymous the Bear

fuzzy wuzzy are my pubes
I hate it when my pubes stick out of my bathing suit
I guess it's time to get a wax
and be all smooth until they grow back

B.T.

I already have too much of my own, why would I want to wear someone else's?

*+*COMMUNITY AWARENESS*+
:by suspicio theory:*

Welcome to paranoia.
View my column and decide for yourself what the truth is, and therefore, what you should be involved in. (Uhn...the xanax is kicking in...mmm...) So, Pride...**PRIDE!** just wrapped. Were you there to be proud and defiantly aware of your impact on the world? Hah! Such yummy goodness can only be fully expressed surrounded by drag queens and your pills of choice. (Ya know, just so you're not running away from the terror of the massiveness of a crowd with your heels on.)

Oregon Hate Crimes Conference: June 21-23 PCC Cascade - some of the workshops are queer-focused (yay for evolution!) but it's damned expensive. But then, I know a few people I want to hate.

QuArt, a local queer artist's collective (gasp! They have those! Jump on this shit- total liberation is within our grasp!), will have a show of new artwork up at the Tin Shed & Garden Café (1438 NE Alberta) from July 4th thru the 31st. The theme of this show will be "Yellow: The Warm Summer Sun." QuArt's City Hall show will remain up in Sam Adam's office through the end of June as well. Talk about a revolution in my pants - WE'RE IN CITY HALL BABY! To learn more about QuArt visit www.quartpdx.com. Monthly meetings are held the first Sunday of each month; for time and location contact Jen Gulzow at gulzowj@hotmail.com. Yea, it's in that pink book of meeting contacts you were given on initiation.

DIY Portland is a new show on KB00 by freelance writer and radio producer Julie Sabatier. The show highlights revolutionary do-it-yourself projects on the third Thursday of every month at 10:00AM on your community radio station, KB00 90.7FM (www.kboo.fm) Upcoming shows will air July 20 and August 17. (God, those fuckin' radio waves will fuck with your skull... but then, it's so cleansing.) Check www.myspace.com/julieontheradio for more details and podcasting links. Podcasting: the GlamArchist's tool of choice.

The Sixth Annual **Portland Zine Symposium** is a three-day conference that explores zines and the social impact of underground publishing and D.I.Y. culture that will drop a hit on the weekend of August 11th-13th at the Smith Memorial Ballroom on the PSU Campus in downtown Portland. Come dressed in homemade hoop-skirts! And guess what? **DRECK** will have a table there on Saturday the 12th and we need rebels on the table in stilettos and mascara! Talk sassy with zinephiles about your new favorite local zine-pleaser. They may not listen - but then, this isn't about laying hands on people and making converts using guilt trips about eternity and individual faults. So, want to get in on all the evil plotting? Then hit up the weekly meetings being held between Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons (it alternates - just like the stars). Visit www.pdxzines.com for more info and titty bits.

KPCUN radio is barn-raising in Woodburn, Oregon Aug. 18-20 (http://www.prometheusradio.org/barnraisings/kpcn_woodburn_or/) This is a fuckin' awesome project!! I say, "Hell yea!" for midwest-influenced alien conspiracy chats! ...wait... that's not what this is...Is it?!!(head's spinning around merlot and fat lines and dollar bills) *unh* The pills mother gave me aren't working :(Outside In's **Trans/Identity Resource Centre (TiRC)** events: **Genderblendz** Open House: Genderblendz is like TiRC's weekly open house for all aspects of the greater beautiful gender-fuck community. *Die Happy* (...pweeze) Monday, June 19th they're also hosting a **discussion forum** on the titillating topic of **BDSM**

Mercury moves to Virgo
Moon trine Neptune
Moon sextile Venus
Strange attractions are in the air. Give in to your subconscious motivations. Turn a mundane object into a treasure map. Try a new restaurant. Self-delusion may be a problem for someone close to you. Sit them down and tell it like it is. Tho the truth does hurt, they will love you all the more for it.

August 28th
Moon moves to Scorpio for the second time this month
One word of advice: fuck.

August 29th
Moon sextile mercury
Moon sextile sun
Jupiter trine Uranus
Moon trine Uranus
Moon conjunct Jupiter
Mars square Pluto
Today belongs to the self-motivated and resourceful. Opportunities are ripe, but they don't come rolling up to your doorstep. Get out tonight and make connections. Party plans can create lasting business alliances. Make a big splash with a crazy ensemble. Make yourself unforgettable. Be wild without being reckless. Although some might not appreciate your candor, your words will stick, and possibly stain.

August 30th
Moon square Saturn
Moon square Neptune
Moon square Venus
Moon sextile mars
Tradition dictates that today is a bad day for surgery, and romantic interludes should be postponed as well. The temptation will arise to get intoxicated beyond your normal limit. It's better to just avoid embarrassing yourself. Utilize your intrinsic assets to make a bad situation work for you. Imagination is key today.

August 31st
First quarter
Moon moves to Sagittarius
Moon square mercury
Moon square sun
The details may seem a little obscure. Make sure you listen with a degree of patience. Your presence is appreciated during a small crisis. Your ambiguousness on an issue is causing you undue stress. Approach the current predicament with an objective view. Work out tension in the gym. It would also be a lovely night for a long walk, or perhaps exploring a new area of town.

*****Footer:** Just for fun, I thought I'd mix it up a bit and offer up DRECK'S first official contest! For these three days that I have left open, I'm encouraging you, my gorgeous readers, to impress me with your astrological skills. Send me your ORIGINAL horoscope for these three days, and the 2 cleverest stargazers will win full astrological profiles by yours truly (including a drawn up natal chart, aspect interpretation, and what the planets have to say about all your idiosyncratic ways). Don't know much about astrology? No problem! Just make it up. Most of the people who write for newspapers do. Deadline for this contest is August 1st. Send in your ORIGINAL horoscopes for the three "open to interpretation" days to caedmon@inorbit.com. Feel free to send questions, suggestions or hate mail that direction, too. Hearts, stars and four-leaf clovers, lovelies!



image above by Lena Felder



Vinyl Snow

Whoah. Like that's so totally uninviting. Dude. Hah! Like the fake fuzzy is so much more alive. Get some faux fur and redo the upholstery in your car, the dashboards, your fave thriftstore couch, make a mini-skirt, fluff out your army boots, and hell - definitely make a coat with parachute hooks on it for snaps - but don't skin an animal, man *uhn*. Unless, you're a Sicilian. Because...well, you're like a barbarian, man. Eat your chicken leg with like no utensils and have lots of fat naked chicks with no teeth around you - cuz that's just so equally not cool. Though, I gotta admit, if it was on the cover of Rolling Stone, I'd be the first one out there with a sledgehammer and a steak knife - just so I could look that good.



Suspicio Theory

What? Fur? What are you going to do, skin me? Wanna wear my fuckin' leathery scalp you piece of half-eaten cunt?! What am I to you? A Dalmation?! Don't look at me that way! I'll fuckin' haunt your dreams with some outta body experiences that will trash and taint your soul for all eternity! ... You dOUBT?! Look into these eyes and sense my terror! God, you freak! Here's a dollar - go buy a hotdog or somethin' and fuckin' leave me alone! Leave me ALONE! And if I ever see you again, you'll regret it, Bitch!

Jeeeeesus....

All photos in this spread
by Kyla Marie Frankland





Sara Cella, who made the "glamarchy comic" on this page, wants to tell you about the Painting Party she and her roommate, St. Caedmon, recently had.

Remember the last one, lovers? Kamikaze paintbombs, slogans, and rope installations until 4 am? No? You didn't know? Well, *uhn* be uninformed no longer. Once a month, a painting frenzy takes place in true ritualistic galore - boss style - at 4730 SE 63rd Ave. Keep posted at Myspace.com/visualrev for the next most excellent adventure. The most recent endeavor was truly stokin' with Jimmie Jamma killin' some break beats in the living room while we cruised on sheets of plastic with paint cans around us like land mines - dancing with brushes and punchin' stencils like the second coming was nigh. Reach out and give your neighbor a can of beer and some crayolas. *uhn* It was like that good. Dig in - down and hard - and hell, even start your own. This is the Glamarchy issue, right baby? Be stellar, be boss, and rant at your own rave - or just come to ours. Yours in the white sands of bliss,

Sara C.

August 8th thru 13th

The 8th is going to be a weird and quirky day, which is a perfect segue to the full moon on the 9th. On the 11th, Mercury moves into Leo, which is a great day for public meetings of any kind. Venus follows Mercury into Leo the following day. She compels you to buy gifts for your lover. Mercury finally returns from retrograde that day, making it perfect for apologies and mending miscommunications. Also, new business contacts can be made at this time. Mars opposes Uranus on the 13th, which lends itself to a competitive energy in the air. Work out that extra energy, and keep your hands busy all day. There are surely lots of projects laying around for you.

August 14th thru 19th

The Moon moves into Taurus on the 14th and forms a square with Venus, the home planet of the bull constellation. Start the day off right, and affirm to yourself how absolutely beautiful you are and how secure and stable your home life is. Perhaps you can build a hearth altar in your home today, or cast a love spell. The Dancing Lady moves into Gemini on the 16th, making it a crazy day for paperwork. Don't plant anything, both literally and metaphorically speaking. The following day, the Sun trines Pluto, setting in motion the unveiling of secrets and hidden treasures. When the Moon moves to Cancer on the 18th, the home is most inviting. Another great night for spell casting and lovemaking.

August 20th

Moon sextile mars

Buy a new piece of machinery. Perhaps you need a new digital camera. Bargains abound. Give way to the whims of a lover.

August 21st

Mercury conjunct Saturn

Mercury opposes Neptune

*** Open to interpretation (see footer)

August 22nd

Moon conjunct Venus

Moon square Jupiter

Moon conjunct Saturn

Moon opposes Neptune

Venus square Jupiter

Moon conjunct mercury

Make some iced tea and soak up the sun. This is the perfect time to take that breather you've been craving. If you do plan an outing with friends, make sure all the hosting tasks are delegated evenly. There's no reason all the stress should be on you. Elucidation comes natural, and greater depths of understanding are reached in casual settings. A fantastic idea is brought up, but it will take an extra

effort to get it up off the ground. Write it down.

August 23rd

New moon

Moon trine Pluto

Sun enters Virgo

Moon enters Virgo

Sun conjunct moon

This is an especially bad day for a public conference. Do not schedule interviews or parties of a professional nature. The perfect project for the day could include re-organizing the kitchen, getting out into your garden, refinishing an older piece of furniture, or perhaps framing some older pictures. Eat healthy - your belly will thank you for it. In fact, today is a great day to consider a new diet. An old friend appears. Forgiving a debt is in order.

August 24th

Moon sextile Jupiter

Mercury trine Pluto

Moon opposes Uranus

A time for domestic happiness. Laughter soothes any discomfort. Surprise a lover with dinner or an odd present. A difficult disclosure brings about a deeper respect.

August 25th

Moon conjunct mars

Moon square Pluto

The atmosphere today is one of moodiness, aggressiveness, and impulsive actions. Feelings are strong and outbursts of anger are likely. The opinionated are outspoken. People are also likely to be feeling courageous. A shocking secret is revealed. Overall, not a great day to be working in retail. You may be pushed to the edge. Walk to a quiet place and do a sun salutation or two.

August 26th

Moon moves to Libra

Venus conjunct Saturn

You will have to make concessions to get what you want. Diplomacy is crucial. When a task is delegated to you, see it as an opportunity to impress, and go the extra mile. Your efforts will not go without reward. Take an artistic venture today. May I recommend an odd photo shoot with a close friend? Perhaps you could put on a spectacle in the Pearl and show those hipsters what glamarchy is all about!

August 27th

Venus opposes Neptune

Moon sextile Saturn

See the events as they unfold thru the eyes of an architect. Others may have attitude when it comes to fields of personal politics, but remember not to take it to heart. Nine times out of ten it has nothing to do with you. Discuss your dreams, especially if you’ve been having a rash of especially vivid ones lately. A colleague offers surprising clarity. Do not, under any circumstances, sign any contracts today. Put it off until the 2nd, if you can.

August 1st
Moon sextile Pluto
Moon moves to Scorpio
Get spiritual. Look for synchronicities. Hidden motives surface. There are jewels worth mining for. Get your hands dirty. Do a little dance and make a little love.

August 2nd
First quarter
Moon sextile mars
Sun square moon
Moon conjunct Jupiter
Sun square Jupiter
Moon trine Uranus
Moon square Saturn
You gain a greater perspective on an old problem. Not the best day for travel. Get out the door a little early, for unexpected delays are likely to occur. High expectations end up working against you. Don’t place them upon others. There are several of us on the prowl this evening, and great sex is likely to wander your way. The only obstacle would be silly inhibitions. Doesn’t liquor usually clear that up?

August 3rd
Moon trine Venus
Moon square Neptune
Moon trine Mercury
Moon moves to Sagittarius
Many seem sympathetic and emotionally receptive, but are weary of those who have a difficult time discriminating fantasy from reality. Word travels fast; so don’t share anything you don’t want certain acquaintances knowing. A loved one encourages you to come out of your shell a little. Follow them into Nature.

August 4th
Moon Square mars
Sun trine moon
Stay out of the way of bulldozing personalities. Take out aggression with some vigorous exercise.
Don’t wave the red flag; rather, choose the quiet way out the door.

August 5th
Moon trine Saturn
Moon conjunct Pluto
Moon void of course
Indulge your inner pervert. Your imagination soars today. Remember that during a void-of-course Moon, however, it isn’t a great day to start out with a new project. Write the idea down and save it for tomorrow. Relationships deepen with shared struggles. You’ll attract attention by wearing something shiny. Light candles for a change for the better.

August 6th
Moon moves into Capricorn
Moon trine mars
Time to restructure. Are your karmic debts paid? Spend time with your pets. Clear up issues with roommates by leaving silly notes. Get out and dance.



Caedmon + Kermit = True Love!

August 7th
Moon sextile Uranus
Sun conjunct Saturn
Moon opposes Venus
When was the last time you took yourself out on a date? Today is perfect for reveling in all
The glory that is you. Take yourself to a movie or eat out in a new restaurant by your lonesome. Update your Tribe, Livejournal, Myspace, and Friendster profiles tonight. Write down a list of things you absolutely need to get done by the end of the summer and post them in the bathroom or somewhere else you’ll always see them.

TRUTH IS NOT ONLY STRANGER THAN FICTION, IT’S SCARIER, TOO

by Tony le Tigre

Like most people, I’m sure, I remember exactly where I was on September 11th. I’d completed drug and alcohol treatment that summer and was living in an aftercare house called Progress Valley in Minneapolis for the fall. On that surreal morning me and the twenty-odd other guys I shared the house with, and our three or four resident counselors, gathered in a circle in the meeting room to discuss how we felt about what was happening that day. I remember when it was my turn to speak I said I felt “patriotic” for the first time in my adult life, and that the good thing about it was that I felt more closely bonded with my fellow humans, including my housemates. I’d been so disillusioned and disgusted by the state of politics in the aftermath of the 2000 election, and it came as a relief to relinquish my hatred of the people running my country in the face of our common enemy: terrorism!

I feel so stupid now.

Cut to almost five years later. On Cinco de Mayo, just over a month ago, I went and saw a documentary at Fifth Avenue Cinemas in the PSU campus district called Loose Change. Something about the way it was described, in a little blurb in the PSU paper The Vanguard, piqued my curiosity: do we really know everything we should know about September 11th? Nonetheless, I walked in highly skeptical. As much as I hate the Bush administration, I couldn’t bring myself to believe the conspiracy theories I’d heard whisperings of at various points since I’d moved back to Portland. But all that changed as I sat in the packed theater that night, being bombarded by one discrepancy, one frightening fact, one creepy image after another. The last illusions were torn from me that night, and I walked out of the theater in a state of stunned silence, my mind reeling with the implications of it all. Basically, in the course of a few hours (the screening of the film and the Q&A session with the filmmakers that followed it) I became convinced, beyond any doubt, that what happened on 9/11 was not what our government said it was. At best, they know far more about it than they’ve told us; at worst, people within, or allied with, the Bush administration in fact plotted and carried out the terrorist attacks as “a psychological attack on the American people.” Much like anthrax, the supposed nuclear threat posed by Iraq and now Iran, bird flu, the orchestrated Zacarias Moussouai trial – and whatever comes next.

I walked home across the Morrison bridge and the Cinco de Mayo festivities were going on below. By beautiful coincidence, the fireworks happened to be going off just as I crossed: fired from a boat in the Willamette River and blooming like fiery flowers in the air right above and in front of me. I could’ve reached out my hand and felt the falling stardust sprinkle on my skin, that’s how close it was. Such glamour! Eye candy in the sky. And I thought how true it is that “ignorance is bliss.” I should’ve hung out on the waterfront drinking cerveza and partaking in the fiesta rather than penned up in a movie theater subjecting myself to a brutal overdose of reality that left me tossing and turning all night, too creeped out to sleep.

When I started talking to my friends about the scary epiphany I’d had watching Loose Change, I found they either already believed it was the work of our corrupt and evil government, or they didn’t want to hear it. One friend said “I love conspiracy theories, but I don’t believe them.” Which bugged me, because it’s such a generalization. I mean, if you’re talking about Elvis being alive and sharing a condo with Jim Morrison in Canada, that’s one thing – this is a little different, right? But then I remembered that I myself had brushed aside the rumors in the past with very similar statements, so it would be hypocritical of me to get too strident about it. I guess it’s something you have to be ready to hear.

So, if you haven’t heard it yet and you’re ready to, you can download the entire film for free at www.seeloosechange.com. I think it’s already been viewed something like nine million

times. As its makers freely admit, it’s not the first film of its type, nor are they the first ones to uncover the facts it presents; they’re simply joining a growing movement of people who think the truth reaches even beyond the half-revelations of Michael Moore’s Fahrenheit 9/11, and that it’s about time we broke free – completely – from our government’s spell of terror.

What really helped hammer it home for me was the fact that two of the three guys who made the film were on hand to answer questions after the screening. They were young guys, educated former punk rockers wearing INVESTIGATE 9/11 T-shirts, and their earnestness, honesty, lucidity, and righteous outrage were impressive and inspiring. There was no shortage of questions, which the guys met head on with confidence and solid facts, clarifying obscurities in the film (because it’s such a mass of information and it washes over you so fast), supplementing it with new developments, and ending with an impassioned declaration that got a long, loud ovation from the entire crowded theater:

I want my constitution and my bill of rights back. We’re not going to go away, we’re going to keep pushing this information out there. We want the people who were really responsible for 9/11 to be prosecuted. The American people need to know the truth about what’s been done to them, and I think, when they find out, there’s going to be a new American revolution.

Heavy stuff. And how would that happen, exactly? Things aren’t the way they were in 1776. The playing field is a lot less level. If our government is capable of murdering thousands of people and shocking the entire nation into a catatonic state in order to get us behind their agenda of war and dominion in the Middle-east, what would they not be capable of to prevent a mutiny? Naturally, we’re at a distinct disadvantage. We’re the people who don’t like war. We generally don’t support bloodshed. And personally speaking, I like my life too much to throw it away physically rebelling against my murderous, militant government. But if I don’t, who will? Are we all waiting for our V to catalyze us into action, like in *V For Vendetta*? I guess we’re hoping things will straighten out and return to normal again without the need for such extremes. After all, things were pretty bad when Nixon was in power, and we got over that, right?

I realize it could be said I’m preaching to the choir with this essay in *Dreck*. First of all, not necessarily. I’ve come to realize that there are a lot of conservative people, even right here in Little Beirut, the liberal capital of Oregon (not to belittle Eugene). Going to PSU has opened my eyes to that. And even among the supposedly liberal – for instance, our trashy junk-food tabloid *The Portland Mercury* recently wrote a one-word dismissal of *Loose Change*: “Snore.” That’s appropriate, actually, because what they were really saying is “don’t disturb our nap.” And when someone wrote a letter to *Mercury* editor Steve Humphrey stating the World Trade Towers were demolished by explosives rather than collapsing because of the plane crashes (turns out steel buildings don’t collapse because of fires!), he smacked it down as a “horseshit theory” and recommended we focus our attention on “the real goal: getting George Bush out of office.” Um, yeah, Steve, we don’t like Bush either. And what could be a harsher damnation of Bush and his administration than if they were actually responsible – passively or actively – for the “terrorist attacks” on September 11th?

Secondly, as Dan Savage observed during a book-reading at Powell’s I attended not too long ago, preaching to the choir is good. The right wing preaches to its choir incessantly – via pigs like Rush Limbaugh, Michael Savage and Sean Hannity – and as a result, it has a large choir able to recite its hymns (deluded and un-factual though they may be) at will. The left hasn’t built up its choir to that point yet, and if we’re going to fight fire with fire – which is becoming increasingly necessary – we need to. (Oh, a suggestion for Dan, in case he reads this: please, if it’s within your power, replace Steve Humphrey as editor of the *Mercury*. And I don’t want you to fire Erik Henriksen – I’m not that mean! – but don’t let him write anything else. Just put him on janitorial or something.)

concluded on page 18

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meet a new friend. Lower your expectations of others.

July 9th
Moon trine mars
Moon conjunct Pluto
Moon void of course
Moon enters Capricorn

July 10th
Venus trine Neptune
Moon sextile Jupiter
Moon sextile Uranus
Mercury enters cancer

July 11th
Full moon
Moon opposes sun
Moon opposes mercury
Moon enters Aquarius

A quick astrology lesson: Any time the moon is full, that means it opposes the Sun. That is why the moon is in Aquarius today, because the Sun is in Leo. Any time the moon is new, it will be in the same sign as the Sun. So, with that little bit of info, you can almost guess what sign the moon is in just by looking at it. Well, maybe you can’t, but I can, which is why I’m the astrologer and you’re not. Look out for weird far-reaching conversations. Miscommunications are bound to happen, so ask for clarification. Do something active to work out all that excess energy. Might I recommend a late night skinny-dipping adventure?

July 12th
Moon square Jupiter
Moon opposes Saturn
*** Open to interpretation (see footer)

July 13th thru 18th
On the 13th, it would be advisable not to be a smartass, as the crazy aspects the Moon is forming can help people take it to heart. The day after, Mars forms a trine with Pluto and Venus opposes the God of the Underworld. You can expect quarrels to erupt with those in your intimate circle. Dissolve this by stepping off of the tyrant’s pulpit and being a little more flexible. Your convictions may be interpreted by others as aggression. The Moon enters Aries on the 16th, and forms a trine with Saturn, making it a great day for starting a new endeavor or signing contracts. The Moon moves into Taurus, which opposes Jupiter on the 18th. Another good day for domestic projects and taking naps. Invoke your inner senile geriatric and hit some whippersnappers with your cane or something.

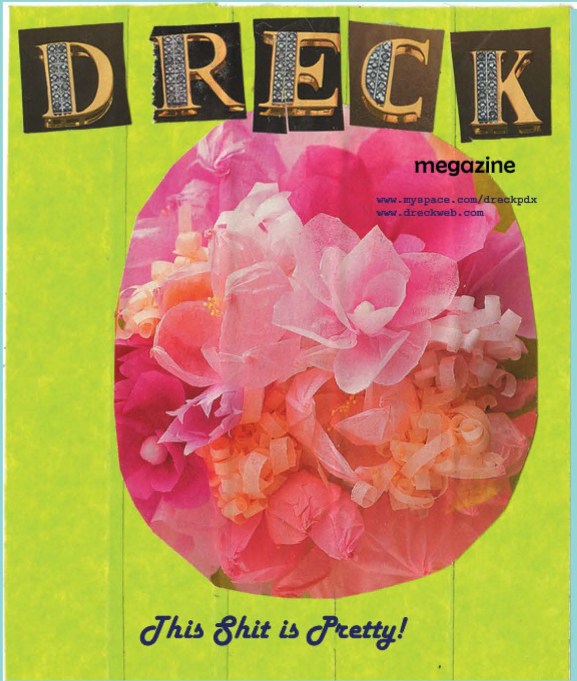
July 19th thru 22nd
Venus enters Cancer on the 19th. The world of lovers will become more insular. The lessons of mothers will resonate deep within. While relationships solidify, beware of any tendencies towards alcoholism. Blurry judgment can be especially dangerous at this time. Mercury runs void of course this day, too. Get everything in writing. The following day, the Moon moves into Gemini, making communication a little easier. Buy something for your home on the 22nd. The Moon moves into Leo. Celebrate your ego.

July 23rd
Moon conjunct Venus
Moon trine Jupiter
Moon trine Uranus
*** Open to interpretation (see footer)

July 24th
Moon conjunct mercury
Any contracts you sign today will yield highly prosperous outcomes. “How fortuitous”, you might say as you bump into a special someone randomly while out. Take the time to catch up. A bit of juicy gossip falls into your lap that proves both useful and amusing.

July 25th thru 30th
We start off with a new moon. What did Tori Amos say? “Anybody knows that you can conjure anything by the dark of the moon.” Okay, the fact that I just quoted Tori fucking Amos in an astrological article Poke-evolves me to Ultrafagasaur or something, right? Anywho, the most important day this week is, of course, Jualdo Las Vegas’ birthday, on the 27th. Venus forms a kinky trine with Jupiter, expanding our concepts of beauty and passion. That is a day for art and inventive expression. Business relationships may end up a little steamy, but don’t stress, it will work out to your benefit. The Moon’s conjunction with Mars turns up the heat a little in general. I say, go ahead and play with the fire. The following few days make relationships a breeze. I can’t stress enough to you how important it is to remind people how much they mean to you. You’ve had days where a few kind words turned everything around, right? Spread that good-feeling karma about. The trine between the Love Goddess and Uranus on the 30th encourages us do something humanitarian. Follow your intuition on financial matters and listen to those with a more panoramic perspective.

July 31st
Moon sextile Saturn
Moon square Venus
Moon trine Neptune
Moon square mercury



Top left: Dreck postcard by Tony le Tigre. Below: Lani Schreiberstein. Other photo and artworks by Sara Cella.



ART ATTACK

You can't really create or destroy anything. All you can do is rearrange energy and matter. Is that a depressing thought? No, it's a very uplifting one! With that in mind, here are some impressive rearrangements from some hot local arrangers.



ART ATTACK will be a regular feature of DRECK from now on, showcasing a splattering of interesting eye candy by various local artists.





Clockwise from left:

photo by Sara Cella; "Little Red Riding Hoodie" by Damien Snakebones; photo by Sara Cella; "LSD Fairgrounds" by Tony le Tigre; photo by Paul Sochacki

"KILL the CompeTiTiON" by BiGtime

(letraset, photocopy, digital)



as rationally as possible, tho this may prove difficult as emotions are running high. A lover’s request may seem a little silly, but your consent could mean worlds to them. Question strange impulses.

July 2nd

Moon square Pluto
Moon moves into Libra
Venus sextile Saturn
Moon sextile mercury
The urge to blow a huge wad...of cash is high. If you must go shopping, take a friend who has a little more restraint than you. This is a good night for experimental sex. Luxurious surroundings heighten the mood. Whisper dirty pretty things. Those around you are not concerned with petty details. Don't go fishing for compliments, as the river is likely to be dry. Instead, send your line out for much-needed truths.

July 3rd

First quarter
Moon sextile Saturn
Moon trine Venus
Moon square sun
Vulgar jokes may not be received so well today. Keep your perversions on the DL. Your eyes may go prowling, but a lover may be more jealous than usual. You may have a difficult time expressing yourself today. Using creative euphemisms will intrigue others.

July 4th

Mercury goes retrograde
Moon sextile mars
Moon trine Neptune
Moon sextile Pluto
Do: Trust your instincts. Journal your dreams. Have sex. Eat exotic food.
Do NOT: Sign contracts. Say things that could be construed as highly offensive. Send off important letters or emails. Get yourself into legal trouble.
Things are going to be fucked up in a lot of areas for the next three weeks or so. So try your best to roll with it. I always try to make use of the retrograde energy by doing something odd with it. For instance, try to pick up a new language. Start a novel about nothing. That sort of thing.

July 5th

Moon square mercury
Mars opposes Neptune
Moon conjunct Jupiter

Try not over-extend yourself today. A charitable deed carries further than expected. Others may seek to discredit your ideas, but don't let that aggravate you. Your reputation precedes you. Try to stay sober today, as drugs and alcohol may take you on dangerous journeys. An indiscretion changes everything. Keep your hand out of the cookie jar.

July 6th

Jupiter goes direct
Moon square Saturn
Venus square Uranus
Sun trine moon
Moon trine Uranus
Moon square Neptune
Moon Square mars
Sun trine Uranus
A lot going on today. In addition to all the aforementioned stuff, the Sun is also conjunct with the Dog Star, Sirius. This has been a big year for a lot of us, karmically. We've grown up a lot, we've undergone many transformations and find ourselves now in a very different place than we were last year. If this year has taught us anything, it's that we can keep going. That we do in fact have the strength to persevere and take on whatever challenges come our way. Today is an important day to reflect on this. A lot of the obstacles that were in the way of our goals previously will begin to evaporate today. The fog is starting to lift, and the path ahead is a little clearer. While our brains may be filled with static, and our hearts heavy with indiscernible emotion, it's important to realize how that perfection is the path and not the destination. We are evolving at a strikingly rapid pace, and this a day to stop and catch your breath. I would encourage you to meditate on these concepts, and journal or blog about them. One day in the future, these reminders will inspire you. A few strange things are bound to happen today. The best we can do is reflect and roll with it. Laughter dilutes any strained situation.

July 7th

Moon moves into Sagittarius
Moon trine mercury
Keep your head about you. The strange energy of the day before bleeds into this one. Perhaps the movement of the moon further magnifies the Jupiter aspect. Build a fire and dance.

July 8th

Moon trine Saturn
Moon square Uranus
Moon opposes Venus
Someone shares a story about a common childhood experience. Combat boredom by Craigslisting a party. You could potentially

continued from p. 15

Speaking of preaching the gospel of liberalism, I love Air America. Both the Willamette Week and the Mercury have trashed it and its “shrill hacks” various times, but it’s doing something new that desperately needs to be done if we’re to counter the endless flow of right wing rhetoric and disinformation that keeps so many people locked in the glare of the “glamour.” I don’t love all the Air Americans; they aren’t all radical enough for me. Ed Schultz’s heart may be in the right place, but he could use a larger brain; Randi Rhodes isn’t always as funny as she thinks she is, and she needs to get over her sexphobia. But Janeane and Sam crack my shit UP! And Tom Hartman, Peter Werbe, and Mike Malloy are awesome. Mike is my very favorite. He doesn't suffer fools and his bullshit detector is set to maximum sensitivity. And he certainly doesn't pull his punches. He has a whole arsenal of derogatory nicknames and slogans that are very effective and he hammers them into your head through repetition just like the right wing does; but this is good propaganda: “The Bush Crime Family,” “President Chucklenuts,” “Rummy and Dickie,” “Pig Man and Pig Man’s Little Butt Boy.” Nor does he worship at the shrine of Bill Clinton, or think much of the Republicans. He is a man without illusions, and he has great guests from time to time like Greg Palast. A friend of mine, by the name of Ms. Smokey Bedford, told me she doesn’t listen to Mike because “I don’t like when he screams at me.” But that’s what I actually like about Mike: he’s passionate, a little bit crazy. Good crazy.

I feel violent sometimes. It’s not just abstract entities like The Federal Government, either. It’s just everyday people I run into who continue to erode my faith in the human race and our ability to evolve out of our current nightmare. Even right here in liberal, enlightened, freak-ass Portland. Just the other night I was out in the Pearl for “First Thursday,” when all the galleries open their doors (and their wine bottles) to the public. Afterwards I joined a group at the Low Brow Lounge. Maybe I should’ve guessed from the name what I was getting into. Seated next to us was a large, LOUD table of frat boys (and one girl hanging out with them), who were being as crass, as stupid, and as obnoxious as possible. It’s been awhile since I was around such drunken wastes of human flesh, and as they went on howling and bellowing their ill-educated, moronic invective at the top of their lungs, drowning out all civilized conversation around them, I started to see red. Then, after I left the Lounge and was walking home alone, right outside Pioneer Square a car containing a sickeningly drunk frat boy and his brainless girlfriend tore past me as I was about to cross the road. The girl shrieked so loud it made me jump, and she turned her head out the window and looked back at me laughing and, almost as an afterthought, spat out “FAGGOT!”

Something about the casual viciousness with which she spat the f-word made me lose it. It really made me want to go buy a chainsaw. This is what I left northern Minnesota to get away from!

Oh, and where are the cops when out-of-control, trashy retarded* people like this are endangering the roadways and everyone on them by being behind the wheels of a car? Fining bicyclists, perhaps?

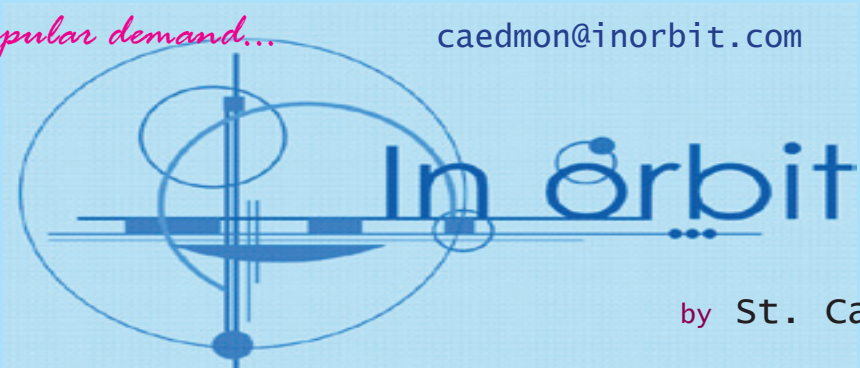
It’s enough to make you want to hole up in your apartment and make paper shoes. Yes, that’s the answer. I’m going to lose myself in art and forget about it all. I’m not much of an activist, you see. I’m much better at being a self-absorbed artist. What can I do to change the world? A nuclear catastrophe would at least be interesting. This essay is my attempt to be political, and it’s not very good, is it? Now I’m going to go listen to “No Culture Icons” by the Thermals. That song makes me want to roll around in broken glass making out with Hutch Harris. Doesn’t it you?

Okay, are we done here? I need a drink.

* * *

back, by popular demand...

caedmon@inorbit.com



by St. Caedmon

Note: although the sextiles are mentioned, I shall not interpret them. This is due to lack of space mostly. Think of it as a friendly agreement between the two planetary energies. Imagine the two having a picnic together and sharing Shiraz. It doesn't make them best friends, but rather, temporary allies.

And remember gorgelings, when planets like the moon are void of course, we don't make any big decisions for 24 hours because nothing goes thru. That can work to your advantage at times, but it's best to use these periods to take it easy.

A tip of the nimbus goes out to Madame Katrina for all her help.

June 19th

Uranus goes retrograde

Mars square Jupiter

Moon trine Saturn

Moon trine mars

Duck! Sudden changes abound. If you have major projects stored on computers, make sure all your files are backed up. Have a plan B. The gods have a perverse sense of humour today. The best you can do is roll with it. You may feel a little restless or uneasy. A strange gamble may be worth the risk. Rebuild your altar today, and place upon it new candles. Don't be afraid to get serious about your emotional state. If there's a conversation you've been waiting to have, don't sit on it any longer. However, choose your words carefully, and make use of imaginative allegories. Get organized, girl and clean out your purse. Call an older relative to seal your place in their will and receive some sound advice.

June 20th

Moon sextile Neptune

Moon square mercury

Moon trine Pluto

Sun sextile moon

Moon enters Taurus

19 Any farmer's almanac will tell you that moons in Taurus are a great

time to put in new seeds. There's a buzz in the air, things are going to happen, and I suggest you hop the train. Well-earned esteem comes your way. You are recognized for your labours, so bask in your fleeting spotlight. Don't tarry over the minute details. A conflict arises between your heart and your head. Get a second opinion. Time to get a little domestic. Haven't you been meaning to re-upholster that hideous couch?

June 21st

Sun enters cancer

Moon square Saturn

Moon opposes Jupiter

Moon Square mars

Moon sextile Uranus

Call your mother and get her advice on your current financial situation. Be frugal. Don't repeat a mistake from the past. Make plans with social climbers. Either their connections could benefit you, or their downward stumbling will prove entertaining. Eating out is a fine idea, but your stomach may be a little tender today. Phantom aches are your body's way of telling you something. Don't ignore them.

June 22nd

Moon square Neptune

Jupiter square Saturn

Moon sextile mercury

Artistic endeavors prove inspiring today. Write some poetry or start a painting. You may be impatient with authority figures. Find a common ground. A setback or disappointment may take the wind out of your sails, but there's no need to be dramatic about it. This is an opportunity in a clever guise. Don't let sarcastic criticisms alienate those close to you. Romantic gestures can clear up a tense situation with a lover.

June 23rd

Moon conjunct Venus

Moon moves to Gemini

Moon sextile Saturn

Feeling a little bipolar? Indecisive people getting on your remaining nerves? Try this breathing exercise I borrowed from that Vietnamese guy that writes all those self-help books with flowers on the cover: "As I breathe out, I calm my body. As I breathe in, I smile." Repeat several times. You'd be surprised at how effective it is. Affections intensify in all sorts of relationships. Treat yourself today with a mint julep facial and a bubble bath. Or buy yourself a luxurious present. Or all of the above. Either way, you *need* to get out and strut your stuff tonight!

June 24th

Venus moves to Gemini

Moon sextile mars

Moon square Uranus

Threesome much? If you haven't yet, today is a great day to try it out. Lovers need to be intellectually stimulating today. A political discussion may give way to hot, sweaty sex. You may find it a little difficult to relax today. A cocktail will take care of that. People who insist on being recognized as the voice of authority will make fools of themselves – no need to attempt to knock them off their horse. You may feel tempted to throw away the old to make room for the new, but don't burn any bridges you may need to re-cross.

June 25th

New moon

Moon opposes Pluto

Moon enters cancer

Sun conjunct moon

Tonight is for introspection. New opportunities are on the horizon. You may want to spend the evening at home with netflixs and work on domestic projects. Intimate situations might bring you anxiety. Cook yourself a nice meal involving your favourite comfort food. Make a date with the most important person in your life - you. Reflect on the changes you've undergone in the past year. Be proud of all you've accomplished. Any tinge of sadness can be relieved with laughter. Get ahold of distant relatives or long-lost friends.

June 26th

Moon trine Jupiter

Moon trine Uranus

Don't forget to take your vitamins this morning. It helps to be sharp. It pays to be altruistic. The magnanimous personality is held aloft. Lessons from the past come into play today. Those in authority may be pricking on your nerves. Find creative ways to vent your frustrations.

June 27th

Moon conjunct Mercury

Moon enters Leo

Work should be fairly congenial today, and keeping an upbeat attitude should be pretty easy. Getting out should be on the agenda this evening. Dish out the compliments and receive them in abundance. Have you talked to Papa lately? I'm sure he'd appreciate hearing from you. A bit of his advice may seem especially relevant today.

June 28th

Moon square Jupiter

Mercury enters Leo

Moon conjunct mars

Self-indulgence is the sin of the day. Everyone seems to be highly sensitive and over-emotional. Respond to this with a James Dean sort of cool. Be the type-A personality and lead the group. Beware of vindictive personalities. Violence may erupt, and it would be best for you to stay out of it. Those with volatile emotions will not want to be comforted. Choose your drinking buddies this evening with care. Serious conversations will be difficult to execute.

June 29th

Moon opposes Neptune

Moon trine Pluto

Because you may find it difficult to keep on task today, it would be advisable to make a list. People seem to be walking about in a fog today. Don't expect anyone to be on time. Make sure you get all the facts before you jump the gun on a rumour. Hold important issues in confidence. Get rid of some of the clutter in your home today, and donate some stuff to Goodwill.

June 30th

Moon enters Virgo

Moon square Venus

Sun sextile moon

Moon sextile Jupiter

Sun trine Jupiter

It's time for a trip to Powell's. You've been meaning to get yourself on a new health program, anyway, why don't you pick out a book that might help you? It may be better to blow off social engagements in order to get things accomplished. Unspoken tensions may surface. On the flipside, dormant business arrangements are finally going thru. A little lucrative luck may land in your lap (how's that for alliteration?).

July 1st

Moon opposes Uranus

Roommate tensions may come to a head. Try to resolve matters